

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. 369.

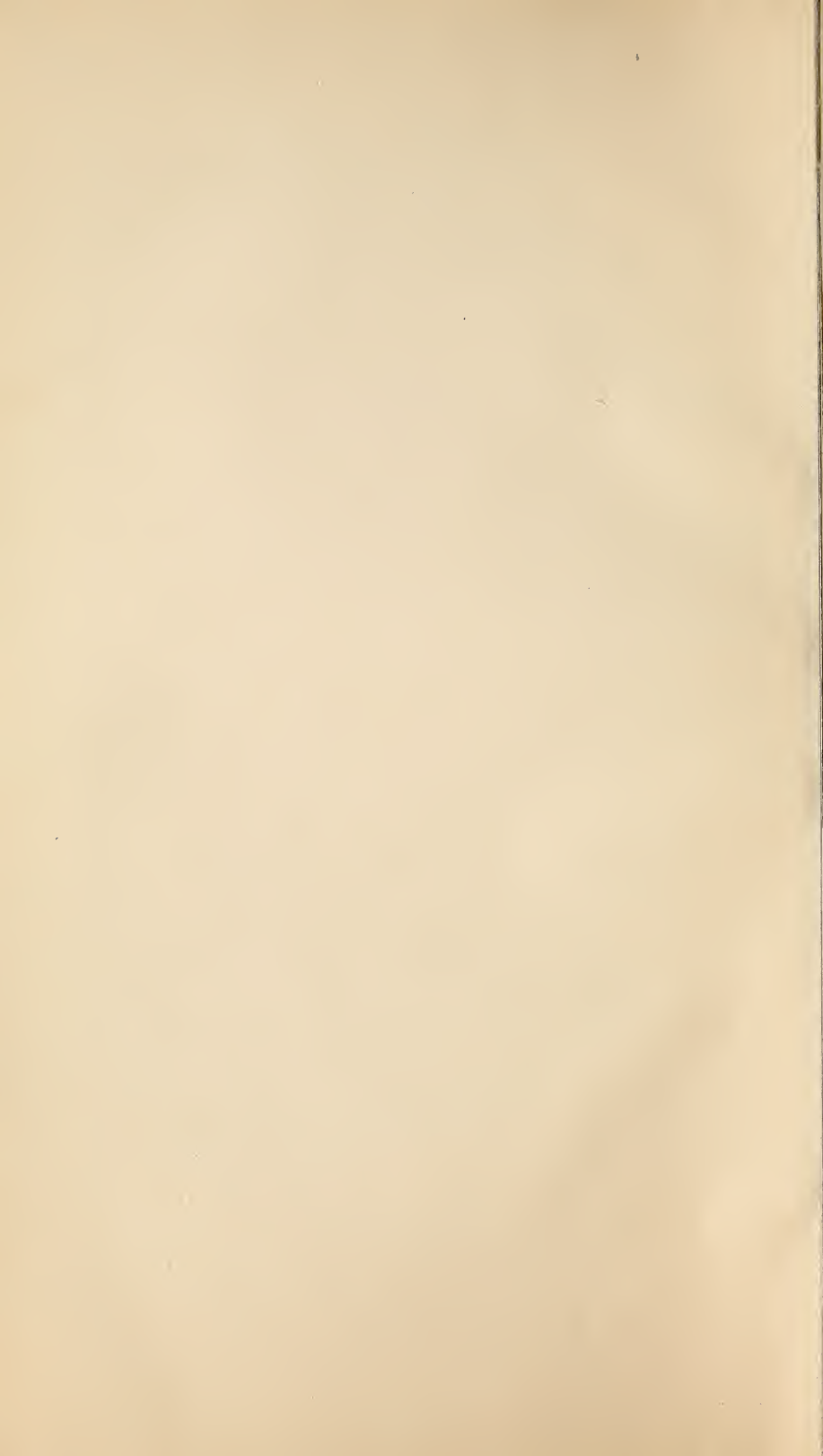
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guard against such accidents: the superiority of a range which guards against 1 per cent. of them as against one which makes no provision is not worth considering.

One measure that has been suggested is the use of a reduced charge. We will not say that the remedy is worse than the disease, but we certainly do say that it would be but a feeble palliative for a thoroughly unsatisfactory state of affairs. It is scarcely possible to overrate the evils which might result from the existence of two sets of ammunition of widely different force, 'practice' ammunition and 'service' ammunition. Imagine a battalion going into action without a single man knowing the sighting of his rifle with the full charge. Imagine the panic if a rumour got about that two or three regiments had by mischance had the 'practice' ammunition served out to them. Let it be supposed that by a large expenditure of Government money safe ranges are found for the regular forces. What would be the fate of the great Volunteer competitions at Bisley when one-half of the force were trained on safe ranges with 'service' ammunition, while the other half had only been allowed 'practice' ammunition? And be it remembered that anything which lowers the standard of Volunteer shooting at Bisley will in all likelihood carry with it a lowering of the standard of shooting throughout the whole of our forces. Those members of the regular service who have formed the Army Eight Club, and have thereby done much to raise the standard of military shooting, would, we are sure, be the first to acknowledge the value of the lessons learnt at Wimbledon and Bisley, and the stimulus which the shooting there has given to their efforts. The annual match between the different branches of the service has acted in the same way.

If ranges cannot be found, and the reduced charge must be employed as a means of utilizing those already in existence, it is at least not too much to ask that it should be only used by tyros from whom wild shots may be expected. Allow at least every man who has shot into the first class to use the full charge; then at the worst there would be in every corps a certain number of men who know the sighting for the full charge.

Want of ranges and want of officers seem to be the two difficulties under which Volunteer corps, especially in country districts, now labour. The leisured and landed classes can do something to supply both wants, and there are few services by which they can more certainly and more effectively secure the gratitude of their countrymen.

- ART. IX.—1. *History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850.* By J. F. Rhodes. Vol. III. 1860–1862. London, 1895.
2. *The Story of the Civil War: A concise Account of the War in the United States of America between 1861 and 1865.* By J. C. Ropes. Part I. To the Opening of the Campaigns of 1862. London, 1895.
3. *Abraham Lincoln.* By J. T. Morse, Jr. Two Vols. London, 1893.
4. *McClellan's Own Story. The War for the Union. The Soldiers who fought it, the Civilians who directed it, and his Relations to it and to them.* By G. B. McClellan, late Major-General commanding the Armies. London, 1887.

THERE is perhaps no period in history, with the solitary exception of the Napoleonic era, the literature of which is so large as that of the American Civil War. It is a period full of incident, and dominated at the same time by two imposing personalities, Lincoln and Grant. As yet we cannot be said to have any wholly satisfactory account of it. Holst's impartial and admirable History of the United States stops short on the eve of the war. Though Messrs. Nicolay and Hay's Life of Abraham Lincoln deals with the details of the war as well as with the life of the great protagonist, its value is somewhat impaired by the Northern partiality of its writers. Not that this is any dishonour to them: on the contrary, their almost filial regard and affection for the great President, whom they served in posts of such intimate confidence, is only natural and creditable to them. Impartiality was impossible till a new generation had arisen. Both Mr. Rhodes and Mr. Ropes have this great requisite of the historian: they write without prejudice or bias—without even an unconscious bias. Both writers are by instalments giving us a worthy history of that time. Of the two, Mr. Rhodes's History deals more fully with the political situation. He shows us democratic institutions under the severe stress of war. For England the study of this period cannot but prove instructive. We stand to-day on the eve of an 'irrepressible conflict,' which may be postponed but can scarcely be averted. And, to quote President Lincoln:—

'Human nature will not change. In any future great national trial, compared with the men of this, we shall have as weak and as strong, as silly and as wise, as bad and as good. Let us, therefore, study the incidents of this, as philosophy to learn wisdom from.'

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In some ways, no doubt, the Civil War does not resemble any struggle in which we are likely to be engaged, just as the American Constitution does not in many respects reproduce our own. A civil war must necessarily bring difficulties of its own. The enemy within will be far more numerous and active than where the enemy without is of different nationality, and unconnected by close ties of blood. The natural aversion to a fraternal strife will foster the desire for conciliation and compromise to an extraordinary degree, and will inspire even the most patriotic with a distaste for the war. Far more adroitness, far greater statesmanship, will be demanded from the democratic leader who has to deal with this internal aversion and distaste, than from him who can repel such sentiments as odious and unpatriotic. Yet the same phenomenon, the same peace-at-any-price party is likely to exist in England, when she is fighting for her life. It may be less vigorous and formidable, but none the less it will have to be encountered by the statesman. There was a strong party for peace in aristocratic England, during our terrible struggle with France and in the earlier war of the American rebellion. The opposition of Fox to the war measures of North and Pitt is parallel to Vallandigham's opposition to Lincoln's war measures, though Fox was a greater and nobler man than Vallandigham. His clamour for peace in 1800 was not less futile and foolish than Mr. Greeley's whimperings in 1864: his passionate partisanship of the American insurgents in 1777 was not more injurious to himself and his country than Vallandigham's championship of the Southerners in 1862-3. The fawning of the Whigs upon Napoleon was far less excusable than the admiration of the fashionable New Yorkers for Jefferson Davis. Lady Holland's swooning at the news of her dear idol's defeat at Waterloo was infinitely more odious than the secret repinings of the Northern Democrats when Atlanta and Mobile 'knocked the planks' out of their anti-patriotic platform. In short, as Lincoln said, after Thucydides, human nature does not change, and an attitude of bitter opposition is natural to some minds.

The general similarity of British and American institutions—the devotion of both peoples to the same ideals of representative government, liberty, and progress—and the inherent resemblances of the two national characters, override the differences in the Constitutions of the two countries. The President was certainly more firmly seated than any Prime Minister. He leant upon the solid support of a popular vote, which, though by no means unanimous, yet gave a sanction to his acts. He could be criticised but not called to order or ousted

ousted from office by his own impatient party or by the opposition. He was hampered by a written Constitution, but even in this the wisdom of the fathers had left loopholes for vigorous action in emergency. He was there in power for a term of years, with command of the armed strength of the nation: able to impose his will upon soldiers and sailors, and able to remove those who did not satisfy him. With the war powers which he might safely exert he might have made himself a military despot. Placed alone in a position of supreme confidence at the head of a great nation, if he had been unfaithful to his trust, he might have founded a dynasty. It is to the honour and glory of our race that its recipients of power are rarely or never unfaithful. We honour a Washington, a Wellington, a Grant, not less for the capacity which makes them the organizers or the weapons of victory, than for the Roman simplicity, the more than Roman greatness of character, which carries them untainted by selfish ambition through the fierce furnace of success, and enables them to lay down their power when the occasion for its exercise has passed, and to go humbly back, like Cincinnatus, to the inconspicuous quietude of every-day life. Even Jefferson Davis was forced by circumstances rather than impelled by his own will to his military dictatorship in the South.

As the President was independent of Congress, so Congress was independent of the President, whilst in England the House of Commons generally follows and obeys the Prime Minister, who is its virtual choice. And thus we shall find that Congress spent no small part of its time in thwarting and opposing the President. 'Deliver me from my friends,' is a saying which must have often been in Lincoln's mind. An elected assembly is always grasping of power, always seeking to take to itself functions which are not its own; and this feature appears in the history of the American House, though such encroachments are more difficult with a written Constitution. Another great embarrassment was the State system, which had to be treated with jealous tenderness by the Executive. The war itself was to settle whether the State had delegated power to the Central Government, or the Central Government to the State, so that, with the large rights of self-government which the States possessed, all manner of obstacles could be placed in the way of the Central Executive by a disloyal executive in any State. This was seen in the case of New York, when that most important State passed into the hands of the opposition; it also prevented vigorous action at the outset of the war, and led to the somewhat comic spectacle of a Kentucky, professedly loyal
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to the Union, but at the same time neutral between North and South. The roar of the guns, however, quickly recalled Kentucky to a wiser and sounder policy.

A final difficulty in Lincoln's way was the fact that he was the immediate cause of war. His election had precipitated the irrepressible conflict. The consciousness of this fact must have weighed upon the mind of a tender-hearted and melancholy man like a load of lead. He was not allowed to forget it, but was constantly reminded of it by his factious opponents. For him, in a sense, these tens and hundreds of thousands were walking the hard paths of war and watering the soil with their blood. For him the North was giving the flower of its youth; against him the South its whole manhood. And though he had the strength of vision which enabled him to discern the real truth in the background—that the struggle had to come, and might come with more advantage in 1861 than in 1871 or 1881—we do yet know that his heart was very heavy. 'My heart,' he said to a friend, just before his Gettysburg speech, 'is like lead within me, and I feel at times like hiding in deep darkness.' Had Lincoln been of weaker mould, his very conscientiousness must have disposed him to get rid of his blood-guiltiness by compromise or total surrender.

The President of the United States is elected in November, but he does not enter office till the following March. There is by the Constitution an interregnum of four months, during which the President in office is a mere discredited lay figure, whilst the President elect is absolutely helpless and powerless. The election had sounded the alarm to the South, which had thus four months for intrigue and preparation. President Buchanan, in the twilight of his term of office, was an honest imbecile: a Southerner by sympathy if Northern by birth; praying much, but doing nothing; ceaselessly murmuring, 'After me the deluge,' and anxious chiefly to postpone the coming struggle to his successor's term. Round him was a Cabinet ready to temporise and make concessions—viewing matters with Southern rather than with Northern eyes. Of its members several were ardent Secessionists, and not one was a strenuous Federalist. The South was on fire with passion at the mere suggestion of a 'Black Republican President,' dreading more than death the terrible spectre of a servile insurrection, and persuaded that Lincoln was a foolish extremist who would rob Slaveholders of their property, and imperil their lives by an emancipation of the slaves. One State was already in open armed revolt; others were preparing to follow. The North had, like our England of to-day, refused to recognise the danger beforehand;

beforehand; and with the near approach of war, was gloomy, panic-stricken, divided. The Abolitionists had discovered that Lincoln was 'the slave-hound of Illinois.' The Republican party, which had chosen Lincoln, was doubting the wisdom of its choice, and, now that the conflict was looming up near at hand, was recoiling in terror and dismay from the idea of Civil War. The Democrats were resolutely for peace at any price, and with all the fervour of partisans denounced the action of their opponents, as if these and these only were to blame for the perilous position of the United States. There was a general demoralization, such as might perhaps only be expected in a political society which had refused to look the problem of Slavery fairly in the face, which had been making concession after concession to wrong for more than a generation, and which, to retain the sympathy of the South, had acquiesced in the moral iniquity of the Mexican war. The North had paid an enormous price and received nothing in return. Trade and business interests were clamorous for a further sacrifice of duty and honour, and it might have seemed to even a keen observer that the North was dead to great ideals and noble aspirations. And yet, as we now see the truth, it was only leadership that was required. The leader was at hand, though few men imagined it in the winter of 1860.

The President elect, Abraham Lincoln, was a Southerner of that singular class known as the 'mean white,' by birth. The 'mean white's' great qualities—his simplicity, his unflinching courage, his strange wayward tenderness, and his high sense of personal honour—were in Lincoln's character. The bad qualities—the shiftlessness, the lack of energy, and the ferocity—were wanting. As a boy Lincoln had lived the hard, miserable, uncultured, but at the same time not unhealthy life of a frontiersman. He had known little joy and much sorrow; but it is by sorrow and trial that the world's great men are annealed and disciplined. When in his melancholy, neglected boyhood, he earned by honest work a dollar, 'the world,' he said afterwards, 'seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy from that time.' His life was one continuous struggle, but he was ever upon the upward plane. Farm-labourer, rail-splitter, stump-orator, boatman, storekeeper, land-surveyor, lawyer, and Congressman, he had 'touched on the whole sad planet of man,' and knew with intimate sympathy every facet of life. A resident in Illinois, he typified the West in its coarseness and shrewd humour. His domestic life was unhappy, and for solace he had been driven to politics. He had earned a great name as a debater in his contests with

Senator

Senator Douglas, and as an orator by a speech of remarkable strength and logical force delivered in New York. But he had been elected President rather for his inconspicuousness than for his great qualities. His honesty was indeed proverbial, yet honesty is no recommendation to an American—or English—caucus. A student of his early speeches cannot but be struck by their loftiness, sincerity, moderation, and dispassionateness. He had convictions rather than sentiments, and an ‘unsmotherable hatred of Slavery’ was one of his convictions. In the winter of 1860 he was an untried, unknown man, though even then his friends foretold that he would be equal to the emergency. In form he was ungainly, tall, and awkward; his face, furrowed with the heavy lines of care, had a commanding cast; and his eyes, deep-set below the high cheek-bones, which suggested Indian ancestry, reflected the melancholy of a brooding, ascetic mind. ‘I never saw so sad a face,’ said one who knew him well.

After his election, in the dreary interregnum of shame and disaster to the North, he conducted himself with wisdom and discretion. More, he showed himself a true leader of men. He headed his party off a dangerous and useless compromise, which would have abandoned all that the Republicans had won by his election. ‘I am inflexible,’ he wrote to Seward, who was then negotiating with the Southerners; ‘I am for no compromise . . . which permits the extension of the institution, on soil owned by the nation.’ ‘Hold firm as a chain of steel,’ he wrote to another supporter. But he was ready to be just and conciliatory—so long as Slavery was not extended. He was willing to give assurances that fugitive slaves should be surrendered by the Northern States. His just offers were spurned by the South, drunk as it was with rage and fear. Seven States were out of the Union, and six more were wavering when the time came for him to enter office.

Never again was he to revisit, in life, his native town of Springfield. Only in death his body was to retrace that very journey upon which he was now setting out. A strong presentiment of coming death added to his natural sorrow at parting from his old friends and associations, and going forth to a new, colder, and more critical world. The depression which came upon him may well explain the errors of taste and judgment of which he was undoubtedly guilty on this journey. He was greeted by thousands, but, as Mr. Rhodes says, most of his speeches had better not have been delivered. He minimised the danger of war, which may or may not have been wise: he was on one occasion absolutely ridiculous; and he offended
squeamish

squeamish opinion by a comparison of the Southern theory of the Union to a 'free-love arrangement.' In Philadelphia, however, he struck a higher note. There in the Independence Hall where the great Declaration had been passed and adopted, there where in the last sad pomp of death four years later his body was to lie, he affirmed that 'he would rather be assassinated on that spot, than surrender the great sentiments of the Declaration.' He plainly warned the South that, if it used force, force would be used by him, but he did this in the gentlest and kindest manner.

Here, too, he received from more than one source information of a plot against his life. He was to be killed as he passed through Baltimore, a city Southern by position and sympathy. He could not disregard the urgent warnings of his friends. A secret night journey, before the proposed time, was decided upon. He left Harrisburg in a special train at night, and the telegraph wires were cut that no news of his movements might be forwarded. In this discouraging way, and under the wholly groundless imputation of personal cowardice, he entered Washington: a ruler who was not safe in his own country or capital. From hints which he afterwards dropped, we gather that he repented of his action, and that he would have preferred to face the danger boldly. 'A brave man dies but once,' he said to his friends often; 'assassination is not an American crime.' He was to pay the price for his magnanimity and trust in his fellow-countrymen's character.

And here we may pause to consider the question whether Lincoln was right or wrong in declining to accept the compromise which the North certainly, and the South probably, would have been glad to sanction. Was he right in overriding with his individual judgment the judgments of his supporters and opponents? The most Radical of his own party were paralysed with fear. 'Poor, silly old Greeley,' as the 'New York Herald' called the editor of the 'New York Tribune,' with a just apprehension of his actual worth, was roundly declaring that he 'would not stand up for coercion, for subjugation' of the seceding States. The Abolitionist Wendell Phillips, who could never agree with any reasonable being for two minutes together, was busy asserting, 'There is no longer a Union. Mr. Jefferson Davis is angry and Mr. Abraham Lincoln is mad, and they agree to fight . . . We are in no condition to fight . . . Nothing but madness can provoke war.' And if these cultured, omniscient, self-appointed leaders of the people, the editors and orators, thought thus; if Seward, the ablest Republican statesman, as it was supposed, a man who
had

had been Senator and was now Lincoln's Premier, who had the advantage of education, and, it might be concluded, of wider political insight and experience—if Seward was of their opinion, could the Illinois rail-splitter stand out against their freely tendered advice?

Seward, Greeley, Phillips, and the leaders of the Republican party generally, had the converse of Lincoln's mind on the matter of Slavery: they had sentiments, but not convictions. They were not prepared to stand by their deliberate judgment because they had not arrived at a deliberate judgment. They were the froth carried to and fro upon the surface of the deep waters, and the currents below had not ceased to flow steadily in the old direction. To divine the existence of these currents, to know their direction, to make use of them, that in democratic statesmanship is genius. There was no indication on the surface. The whole North was apparently solid for concession and peace. It is always hard to bring a democracy to the fighting point. War is not, as Lincoln once said, 'waged with elder squirts charged with rose-water': it involves trials and hardships, mutilation, torture, and death. Men will always say, We will yield just a little more, for what is that which we are yielding in comparison with the personal risk and business loss of a war? It is then that they need to be told, as Pericles told the Athenians: 'If you yield to them in a small matter, they will think that you are afraid, and will immediately dictate some more oppressive condition . . . Wherefore make up your minds either to give way once for all; or if you are going to war, then on no plea great or small to give way at all.' To Lincoln the futility of concession was obvious. 'What will satisfy them?' he had asked in his great speech at New York a year before: 'This and this only: cease to call Slavery wrong and join with them in calling it right.' As a clear concise summary of the situation, these words are absolutely faultless. But after all his efforts to fire his young party—for the Republicans were mostly the young men of the country—with his own lofty ideals of duty and fidelity to right, and after preaching to it that the cause must still go forward even in the face of a hundred defeats, he still found that the young and generous minds of the nation were wedded in appearance rather to that policy of expediency which is man's wisdom, than to the policy of doing right which is God's.

It is the duty of the statesman to lead, not to follow, or rather to know when to lead and when to follow.

'The statesman,' says Mr. W. L. Newman, 'is revealed to us as a moral and spiritual force—a power capable of imparting to the national

national character a bent for good or ill, a means of lowering or elevating it.'

This, we may take it, was Lincoln's view, as it is the view of a deep and earnest student of political philosophy. National character—a high sense of duty and honour—is a more sacred thing than even property or human life. And so with large wisdom and unswerving firmness Lincoln, whilst he did not seek, did not at the same time shrink from the irrepressible conflict. 'The Union' was his watchword: 'the Union must and shall be preserved.' But knowing the temper of his people, and the great political advantage which would accrue to him were the first blow struck by the South, he waited with inexhaustible patience, outwaiting President Davis and the Southern Confederacy, till the time when their fire-eaters should get out of hand.

At Washington the President elect found that at this supreme moment, whilst the rebels of South Carolina were besieging Fort Sumter with its infinitesimal garrison, there was nothing but intrigue and personal jealousy. The Republican party was as yet only an aggregate of factions fighting for place and profit. With great magnanimity and political insight Lincoln had done his best to unite it. He had given his important rivals for the Presidential nomination—Seward, Chase, Cameron, and Bates—seats in his Cabinet. To these, who all represented different States and different interests, he added Blair, Smith, and Welles. Blair and Bates were from Slaveholding States which were yet wavering: it was impossible to obtain a loyal Southerner from the seceded States, though the attempt was made. 'If the twelve Apostles had to be chosen nowadays,' said Lincoln, 'the shrieks of locality would have to be heeded.' His ministry of 'all the talents' met with no favour from the extremists of his own party. 'So constituted as to ensure a disgraceful surrender to the South,' was one criticism. 'An assortment of rivals, one stump-speaker from Indiana [Smith] and two representatives of the Blair family' [Bates and Blair], was another. Seward was very widely disliked and distrusted, as a philosophic politician in league with a corrupt party in his own State. He was vain, weak, and consumed with ideas of his own importance—a millstone round the neck of Lincoln,' the Radicals called him. Chase, though a very able man and on the whole strictly honest, was not above intriguing against Lincoln, and was so firmly convinced of his own rectitude and capacity that he looked down upon the President's meaner character. Of him Lincoln said gently, 'He has the White House fever.' Cameron soon became impossible through the corruption which prevailed in his department, and was replaced by
Stanton,

Stanton, an ex-Democrat, who had called Lincoln a 'low, cunning clown,' and openly insulted him. Furiously energetic, impatient, insincere, Stanton yet rendered his country and his President great services, though he was, as Mr. Ropes calls him, 'an irascible marplot.' The other members of the Cabinet were honourable men, but attained little prominence in the war. That Lincoln drove this fractious team with success, that he secured, after a slight preliminary tussle, the cordial aid of Seward, says no little for his tact. It is also to Seward's infinite credit that he recognised his master and served him faithfully.

His inauguration took place under painful circumstances. The thought must, as Mr. Morse says, have been in his mind that he was destined, perhaps, to be the last of the Presidents of the United States. Secession in the South; disunion in the North; treason in the Army, Navy, and Civil Service; melancholy prophecies; general apprehension; a sense that some terrible calamity was at hand; reported plots to seize Washington; rumours that his assassination was purposed; squabbles amongst his supporters; cries of defiance and the tramp of armed men gathering in the seceded States,—all these things existed to unnerve him and drive him to extreme measures. The North, doubting his capacity, was watching fearfully lest he should make some false step. The capital was guarded with cavalry and artillery; the immense gathering to which he made his inaugural speech, stood watching him in awful expectation of some sudden dash by conspirators. His voice, practised in open-air speaking, rang out to the vast audience with a plaintive, pathetic note. His address was tender and charitable to the South. It breathed love, not fire and slaughter. It appealed to the deepest emotions and highest passions in American citizens, their love for the Union, their submission to constitutional government, their reverence for law. It assured the South that there should be no coercion, but that the Union would and should defend itself. It dwelt on the physical impossibility of separation. It was confident of the ultimate triumph of God's justice, whether the Almighty was on the side of the North or of the South. Its solemn appeal to the Presidential oath 'to preserve, protect, and defend' the Government was thrilling. At each fresh expression of firmness, a great cheer went up. 'In your hands, my dissatisfied countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of Civil War . . . We must not be enemies,' was the close. To this, at Seward's suggestion, Lincoln had added an elaborate metaphor out of keeping with the simplicity of the speech. But the statesmanship, the taste, the tone of the whole were admirable; and when
Lincoln

Lincoln turned from his audience to take the oath, it was felt by most that the leader had come.

A month of patient waiting intervened between the inauguration and the outbreak of war. Lincoln has been blamed for not taking the bull by the horns and not striking in this period, but we, with the wisdom which comes to the historian after the event, can see that he was right. He had three objects in his Fabian policy. First, he hoped that with sober second thought the unmenaced Seceders would perceive that their fears were groundless, and would return to the Union fold. To justify this hope, there were distinct signs of some reaction; and if Sumter had not 'fired the Southern heart,' it is just possible that the quarrel might have been postponed. The Secession leaders, however, knew their danger and were determined upon violent measures, trusting to the cowardice of the North. Second, he desired to win over the Border States, which were slaveholding but at the same time inclined towards the Union. These were Maryland, Delaware, Virginia, North Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri, and Arkansas. If they all went, the cause of the Union became almost hopeless. Washington, the capital, must go with Maryland to the South; it could not possibly be held. Tried by its results, the Border State policy was eminently successful. Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas were lost indeed, but the other brands were plucked from the burning. Third, Lincoln had to secure the solid support of the North, where he had only a bare majority of Presidential votes. This support he could only obtain by a moderate, cautious policy. He was to save the Union rather than to abolish Slavery.

The military weakness of the North was self-evident. The Army and Navy were extremely small, and were fast losing their best officers by resignation. The character of the population was industrial rather than military. There was a wide-spread delusion that the Northerners were inferior in physique, determination, and soldierly qualities to the Southerners. The capital lay on the outer edge of the Northern territory—supposing that Maryland could be retained—and was thus much exposed to attack. The Southern press was already boasting that the Secessionist flag would quickly float over the Washington Capitol. On the other hand, the North was self-dependent; it had great wealth, manufactures, agriculture, shipping, and its railway system was immensely superior to that of the South. It was disunited; but underlying the outcries of the peace-at-any-price men was an ardent patriotism. The South was practically solid in defence of its cherished 'institution.'

‘institution.’ ‘The unalterable determination of the South is to overthrow the Government,’ wrote a Southerner of Northern descent, ‘as the only refuge which is left to it from these insupportable wrongs . . . On the success of this movement depends my every interest, the safety of my roof from the firebrand, and of my wife and children from the poison and the dagger.’ Nat Turner’s and John Brown’s attempts to excite a servile insurrection had done their work. But if the South was solid, its population, even including Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, which ultimately seceded, was small. The free whites of the South were computed by General Jubal Early, a Southerner, at 5,500,000; of the North, at 21,600,000. That is to say, the North had four men to the South’s one. The South, again, had no wealth except cotton—no manufactures, no ironworks, no business capacity. Its railways were few, badly constructed, indifferently supplied with rolling stock, and could not from the want of iron be kept in good repair. For this reason, slowly and by degrees the advantage of the interior lines passed from its hands, as troops could not be easily moved or transferred over the vast distances by rail. It had no shipping or seamen, and could only improvise the semblance of a navy. It lost its sea communications when the guns opened on Sumter. On the other hand, its population was inured to field sports and a life in the open air; it had a class of planter gentry who would fall naturally into the place of officers, and it had for privates its ‘mean whites,’ who were by their firmness, heroism, and devotion to prove on a hundred battlefields that the derogatory epithet was not justly applied to them.

The blockade quickly made the South—which had not had the common sense or prudence to forward its cotton crop before the outbreak of war to neutral ports—like ‘a man with a full purse in the desert.’ It is idle to admire President Davis’s administrative qualities when we remember this fatal fact. He was, in truth, in every possible way Lincoln’s inferior. He was a gentleman, had a military education, and believed in his cause; but sincerity and fine manners did not atone for his mistakes. He quarrelled with his generals, stood on his dignity, considered himself a heaven-sent strategist, and failed lamentably in the regions of finance. And thus, whilst a large share of the credit of the Northern success belongs to Lincoln, an equal share of reproach for the Southern failure must be awarded, on impartial consideration, to Jefferson Davis.

The South had one advantage of great military value. It was fighting on the defensive in a broken, wooded country

which the Southerners alone knew well. It had the interior lines; its capital lay further from its frontier than the Northern capital; and it could make full use of earthworks and entrenchments. It had the three ablest generals at the outset,—Lee, Johnston, and Jackson, all Virginians. It had too the advantage in beginning its preparations for war some months ahead of the North, and, had Jefferson Davis possessed the great capacity with which he is credited, might have used this advantage by capturing Washington. It had the support of a large peace party in the North, with the extreme members of which its leaders were in communication. So that great as the odds now look against it, they did not seem so terrible in 1861. It muzzled its free press, it took away the right of free speech, it hanged freely men of Union sympathies in East Tennessee, its Congress debated in secret, and it forced upon the hands of its President a military dictatorship. It did all this in the holy cause of Slavery. And yet its unfaltering heroism and determination, though displayed in the worst of causes, have won, and justly won, for the Confederacy the admiration of mankind.

At last its patience was exhausted. Lincoln announced to the South that he intended to reprovise Fort Sumter. He had disdained Seward's mad filibustering idea of a war with England, France, and Spain at once, to reunite the North and South. His eye was on the work in hand. The answer of the South was the thunder of the guns bombarding Sumter. Then at last the spark fired the dormant, patient patriotism of the North. The great war President leapt into the saddle of the fretting steed; it felt his spur. Douglas, Lincoln's old opponent and the cherished leader of the Northern Democrats, atoned on the eve of death for the wrongs and mistakes of the policy which he had sustained in his life, and rallied to the Union. Simultaneously came Lincoln's call for 75,000 three months' Militia, to enable him 'to execute the laws.' The Border States responded with angry contumely; the North, ablaze with rage, enthusiastically. It was a great awakening. The tonic of the battle-fire was already working the effect which Lincoln had expected and foreseen. The Massachusetts' artisans, 'the greasy mechanics,' stood to arms. The 'dudes' of New York mustered in martial array for the fight. The great West, deeply moved, began to muster the sturdy frontiersmen who were to set the Mississippi free. The silent cry of hundreds of thousands, 'How long, O Lord! how long?' was answered at last. The poetess reflected that great instinct of self-sacrifice when she sang in the later days of the war:—

'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.'

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The stirring war-song, 'John Brown's body,' recalled the memory of that misguided hero, who had given his life as a protest against wrong. It told the volunteers that the South could kill the votaries, but could not kill the cause of liberty. 'Shouting the battle-cry of freedom' was heard everywhere. The deep emotions of an undemonstrative race were rising to the surface in that tumultuous upheaval of passion. And the North gave freely of its best blood. Journalists, poets, lawyers, politicians, merchants, stood side by side with the mill hand, the farm boy, and the labourer. 'My God! to think of killing such men!' was the reflection of a general who watched the mustering-in of one regiment.

These were gloomy days in Washington. The South was on fire too, and was threatening the capital. Virginia had seceded; Maryland was wavering; the organized Government of the North was isolated and in danger. It had caught indeed the news of the kindling North, but troops did not come. In these hours of gnawing anxiety, Lincoln's outward demeanour was calm and composed. On April 19, the day of the proclamation of the blockade of the Southern coast, the first armed troops from the North, a Massachusetts regiment, arrived. It had fought its way through the streets of Baltimore before a furious mob, and shed the first blood drawn during the war. But the road was closed behind it: the Marylanders broke the railways and cut the telegraphs, so that Washington, with a very scanty garrison, was now indeed a beleaguered city. A War Committee, with funds and delegated powers, had, it is true, been already planted in the North; but would the Northerners, without the official sanction of the Government, have the courage to brush aside the protests of Maryland and force the needed troops through? It looked as though they would not. Lincoln, waiting in anxious patience, was heard by his Secretary to cry in anguish, 'Why don't they come? Why don't they come?' And yet in the stress of this tension he was able to listen calmly to a Baptist minister of Baltimore who ventured to advise concession and surrender. 'You would have me break my oath and surrender the Government without a blow?' he answered. 'There is no Washington in that; no Jackson in that; no manhood or honour in that.' At last the troops came, Baltimore was seized and held, and Washington again could breathe freely.

In these early days of the war, the greatness of the emergency compelled Lincoln to overstep the constitutional powers of the President. His call to arms, his proclamation of the blockade, and his suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, which was found

necessary, were all, in the strict sense of the word, illegal. The latter measure he defended in an admirable State paper. 'Are all the laws but one to go unexecuted,' he asked, 'and the Government itself to go to pieces lest that one be executed?' The plea of necessity was abundant justification, for delay till Congress met would have been fatal. But just as Pitt's repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act was fiercely denounced by the Whigs, who could not see or understand that liberty may be best preserved by a temporary sacrifice of liberty, so Lincoln was anathematised by Vallandigham and the extreme Democrats for his arbitrary acts. The nation at large supported its President; it felt, perhaps, a thrill of pride at his energy and resolution. The arrests made were in no case as yet vindictive. Secessionist Marylanders, rebel spies and sympathisers, and a few seditious journalists were immured in various fortresses. The disloyal newspapers in the North were taught that there was 'freedom but not licence,' by the example of the New York 'Daily News,' which had distinguished itself for flagrant sedition. This journal was excluded from the mail-service, and was in this way suppressed. The notorious 'Journal of Commerce,' however, was able to survive the measures aimed against it, and continued to do as much harm as it possibly could. The 'Herald' had been temporarily converted to Unionism by the threat of a great mob to wreck its offices if it did not show loyalty, and the virtuous Mr. Bennett's fortitude to principle was not proof against alarm for his property.

The danger of a free press was heightened by the fact that in a civil war there was more than ever to misrepresent, and that a plausible case for surrender could always be made out. And yet, provided it was moderate in tone, the press was permitted to criticise freely. As might be expected, it did incalculable mischief; though, on the other hand, where it was in the hands of loyal men, who, unlike 'poor silly old Greeley,' had courage and convictions, it stirred and roused the nation. Yet we think that the evil outweighed the good. The newspaper editor is primarily a time-server; he has to make his journal pay, and in America to be sensational. He does not consider whether the publication of a particular fact will damage his country or cost valuable lives. He does not know the ulterior aims of his Government. His criticism, which is so salutary in peace, is dangerous in war, because it provokes mistrust of the Administration, which should then be trusted at all hazards. So the American reporters ferreted out the details and destinations of expeditions, and editors published their reports. War correspondents, a veritable plague

plague of the generals in command, hung round the headquarters. They attached themselves to particular men—generally to incompetent officers; for the great leaders of the United States' armies—Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan—looked upon them with the utmost disgust. These incompetent men they trumpeted; and thus to their paper declamations no little of McClellan's and Fremont's reputation was due.

Sherman betrays an almost whimsical hatred of the correspondents. They furnished the Southern leaders, he says, with timely and abundant information. They set the army against the country by always pushing, in their articles, the soldiers forward on all sorts of desperate undertakings. They set the privates against the generals. They betrayed McDowell's movement on Manassas, and Grant's expedition against Vicksburg. 'I say, with the press unfettered,' he cried, 'we are defeated to the end of time.' The press it was which nearly deprived the country of Grant by its misrepresentations of the battle of Shiloh. The press asseverated that Sherman was a lunatic and coward. In return he laid his hands upon the odious correspondents, and was actually preparing to hang them, when his brother, Senator Sherman, dissuaded him. Grant, on one occasion, tied a correspondent who had libelled his army on horseback, with a large placard on his back, to the effect that 'this was the traducer of the soldier,' and ordered him to be led along the advance battle-line, where he underwent a lively baptism of fire. These severities, it may well be believed, did not make them loved; and they further proposed 'to conscript the newspaper men.' Thus they were generally abused, and they rose rather in spite of the newspapers than because of them. Their experience, taken with the behaviour of the French press in 1870-1, reads us a salutary warning. A strict censorship of war news appears to be an absolute necessity in a time of grave national danger. Our great editors are doubtless upright and patriotic men, but it is not the great newspapers which will have to be feared. In justice to all an Act will be needed, imposing the severest penalties upon any divulgence of military news.

The telegraph wires at Washington were at an early date in the war seized and manipulated by the War Department, yet in spite of this censorship news of great military importance got somehow or other into the Northern press. It was particularly desired, in the course of 1863, to keep the reinforcement of Rosencrans at Chattanooga quiet. Two army corps were sent him by rail from the Army of the Potomac, which was then confronted by Lee. The correspondents in Washington were
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asked to keep silence, and the movement had apparently escaped notice, when suddenly on September 26 the New York 'Evening Post' published a full and detailed account of it. As things fell out, this had no serious result, but it might quite conceivably have done great damage to the Union plans. It illustrates the necessity of a military censorship and of press laws. Of course the monopolization of the telegraph was made another grievance by the Democrats, and became a fresh count in the possible impeachment of Lincoln.

Lincoln has been taken severely to task for the inadequate use which he made of the first flush of popular enthusiasm in the North. He had called first for 75,000 three months' Militia; then for 42,000 three years' volunteers, for 22,000 additional soldiers for the regular Army, and for 18,000 for the Navy, a grand total of 157,000 men. When we remember that all these acts were of doubtful constitutionality, that he had to nurse the North anxiously and to refrain from unduly alarming it, we shall agree rather with Mr. Ropes, that the President 'showed a comprehension of the magnitude of the task before him which was hardly to be expected, considering that this was the first time in his life that he had had to deal with any military question.' He asked for another 400,000 men when Congress met in July. On the other hand, President Davis had called out 182,000 men, of whom as yet many were armed with the most indifferent muskets. The balance of numbers was thus heavily on the side of the North, as was necessary, since the North was engaging upon a war of conquest. For inexperienced generals, however, to employ such numbers with success was no easy task; and though it was commonly believed in the South that one Southerner was as good as five Yankees, the fact remains that in the first battle, at the critical point, the South could concentrate a greater force than the North.

It is easy to call men to arms, and not difficult, with business capacity, to organize them into armies, but it is no easy task to find generals at a moment's notice. Success in war, where the individual combatants are evenly matched in courage and endurance, can hardly be obtained except by superior generalship handling superior numbers. This was not a holiday struggle of dynasties, but a war waged on either side by peoples for life or death. For two long years the North was to grope in vain for generals of tried capacity and character to lead its armies. For two years there was a constant succession of men: some of them in their private capacity of the highest worth, some of them lieutenants of great ability under a master mind; but all incapable of themselves conducting with success
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a bold aggressive war upon the South. They led their gallant soldiers to hideous, often useless, slaughter. They were followed in one instance, at least, with ardour and devotion. They were with one exception honestly supported by the Executive, and were one and all criticised, harassed, and irritated by the irresponsible press and by the marplots of Congress. But, with one exception, they achieved no result. They made armies which they could not use; they lacked initiative, vigour, political insight. They did not understand the impatience of democracy, or realize that Lincoln could not wait for ever. They served their country to the best of their power; but, as great generals, they emerged from the war without credit.

Amongst the earlier generals appointed several were absolutely incapable. The appointments were due in no small degree to political considerations, which necessarily interfered much with the purely military. Lincoln had to give commands to his party opponents in the North, that he might secure the support of that section of the Democrats which was zealous for the prosecution of the war. He had to conciliate his own side, particularly the extremists. Without question he showed here some weakness of character not to be expected from a man of his determination and long-headedness. On the other hand, his absolute ignorance of military affairs must be remembered. He had not lived much in Washington, and was not, like Jefferson Davis, acquainted with the capacity of the various officers in the Army. Davis had held the post of Secretary for War, and knew his men well. General Scott, Lincoln's adviser, a somewhat irascible veteran of the Mexican War, was hardly equal to his duties, and had seen his favoured commanders range themselves on the side of the Confederacy. So it was that Lincoln placed in command at Harper's Ferry, General Patterson, a strong pro-Slavery Democrat, who had served with credit in the war of 1812 with England, but who was obviously unfitted by his great age for serious work. He showed remarkable pusillanimity and incapacity, and upon his shoulders, more than upon any other's, rests the blame for the defeat at Bull Run, since he simply declined to move at the critical moment. A second bad appointment was Fremont, the Republican candidate of 1856 for the Presidency, and a political favourite with the abolition wing of the Republican party. The influence of the Blairs placed him in command in the important department of Missouri, where he quickly manifested his absolute unfitness. He had no talent for organization: he was guilty of overlooking gross mismanagement

ment and corruption; he alienated the sympathy of his subordinate generals, who could not trust him; and he finally issued an absurd proclamation liberating the slaves of Secessionists in his department,—an act which overstepped his powers, and set Kentucky on fire. Now, the President's one solicitude was to keep his native State of Kentucky in the Union; as was said drily, 'He wanted God on his side, but he must have Kentucky,' and he at once compelled Fremont to retract his manifesto. But much mischief had been done. The Republican extremists beslavered 'the Roman fortitude' of Fremont with adulation, and cried shame upon the President. They compared the first to Great-heart, the second to Feeble-mind. There was no unworthy imputation which they, his friends, did not cast upon Lincoln. The virtuous Sumner, in the intervals of practising oratory before his looking-glass, shouted with the mob. And when Fremont was most deservedly removed from his command, he became 'the idol of the radical Republicans.' All this though he had, through his wife, openly threatened mutiny—'to try conclusions with me (Lincoln) and to set up for himself.' Other unsatisfactory appointments were those of Butler and Banks.

In the East,—for in this great conflict the war was going forward over a vast extent of territory,—the impatience of the public was stimulated by the impatience of Congress and the press. It was the old cry of those who were sitting safe at home for 'something to be done.' The amateur strategists who set up the clamour had no idea of the difficulties of an offensive war with ill-organized, raw troops. They imagined that the men, once mustered, could go instantly to the front. The 'New York Tribune,' as Mr. Greeley had now recovered from his fright, outshrieked the other journals. It kept 'Forward to Richmond' standing in leaded type, and used it daily. 'On to Richmond' was heard everywhere. Lincoln may have been impatient himself, or he may have been overborne by the impatience of others, but time was passing, and the three months' Militia would soon be demanding their discharge. He gave the order for an advance, and, much against his will, McDowell went forward. Patterson and Scott between them blundered, and at Bull Run the Northern Army had to face Beauregard, and at the same time to endure a flank attack from Johnston. The green troops fought bravely, but when flanked—at the moment of victory—they broke and ran, as far better troops would have done. They did not disgrace themselves, or lose *morale* to a serious degree. But they were defeated, and the first trick went to the South. Fortunately, the Southern Army was

was as much disorganized by victory as the Northern by defeat, and so no vigorous pursuit was made. No advance on Washington followed, and the battle was merely an incident, which, far from dispiriting the North, strengthened it in its lofty determination to fight till final success crowned its unflinching efforts.

The victory of Bull Run obtained a wholly factitious importance in Europe, where it was supposed to have demonstrated the arrant cowardice of the Northern troops. To re-organize the defeated army, McClellan, who had judiciously advertised some small successes of his, was summoned from West Virginia. He was his own worst enemy. Concerning him and Lincoln's relations to him, a conflict has raged from 1861 to the present day. But his own letters, which his own judgment published, have been his severest condemnation. They show him to have been a religious, hard-working officer, who had the faculty of winning the deep affection of his officers and privates. But they also show in him an almost incredible weakness and pettiness of character; a disposition to meddle in politics; a strange mania for 'saving the country'; an inability to understand the political considerations which influenced Lincoln and his Cabinet; an extraordinary dilatoriness; a Persano-like spirit of fault-finding; an arrogant insubordination to his superiors and the President; a mean jealousy of his equals, such as Pope. His soldiers fought battles whilst he was doing a quartermaster's work in the rear; they won him victories, which he promptly threw away. He multiplied the numbers of the enemy before him by two or three, made the most liberal deductions from his own forces, and then sat down and called for reinforcements. 'If McClellan had a million men,' said Stanton, his arch-enemy, bitterly, 'he would swear that the enemy had two million, and then sit down in the mud and yell for three.' 'Time,' said General Joseph Johnston, his ablest opponent, 'is of no especial value to him,' and Lincoln's calm judgment was the same: 'McClellan's great fault is, that he always thinks to-morrow better than to-day.' McClellan lacked the fortitude, simplicity, and iron determination of Grant; he had not the moral courage of Lincoln, who had not moved a muscle after Bull Run. His victories depressed him as much as their defeats other generals. He never could be made to understand that, in Lincoln's words, 'God sends his rain upon the unjust as well as the just.' At first, idolized by the whole country, he gradually, by his political attitude, became the political general of the Democrats, hated with an extraordinary virulence by the Republicans. Lincoln never lost his affection
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for him ; he treated him as a spoilt child. It is, as Mr. Morse says, one of the misfortunes of history that the President, who alone was impartial, magnanimous, and in possession of all the facts, has left no record of his own judgment upon him. He gave him command whenever he could, and supported him, in the teeth of a furious opposition, till political pressure compelled him to remove him.

It is McClellan's chief honour that he made the Army which Grant afterwards led to brilliant success. He saw clearly that the vast congeries of men with rifles which was gathering under the shadow of the Washington Capitol must be organized before it could be led against the enemy. Delay was necessary, but obviously he could not say so, for this would have set the Confederate army in Virginia free for mischief elsewhere. He waited, drilling and reviewing, whilst the North waited with growing impatience for some move. Months passed, and the ominous cry 'On to Richmond!' was heard again. The popular confidence in McClellan was dying. A few marches off at Manassas lay a small Confederate army behind weak entrenchments; he would not attack it, though he had three men to one. At last General Johnston fell back from his works, and it was seen with rage and humiliation by the North that wooden logs composed the frowning artillery which McClellan so dreaded. The Northerners keenly felt the imputations which Bull Run had cast upon their manhood and courage; they yearned for the glorious tonic of victory, to re-awaken the fading enthusiasm for the war. Lincoln rightly judged the political situation, which imperatively demanded, even in the teeth of military considerations, an immediate move. He ordered his armies forward, and pressed McClellan to action. The sluggish general would not advance on Richmond by land; he preferred to move by sea to the 'Peninsula,' on the Virginian coast, near Richmond. In defiance of Lincoln's orders, he left a force inadequate for the defence of Washington, which was thus exposed to the Southern army had General Johnston cared, in Lee's words, 'to swap queens.' He did not give two thoughts to the terrible 'Merri-mac,' which was still afloat and unsubdued; he took his crowded and helpless transports into her vicinity. Then landing, after protracted delays in front of a buckram force, he advanced on Richmond, fighting fiercely all the way. At the critical moment of the campaign, McDowell, who was to have supported him, moving from the North by land, was recalled by Lincoln, at Stanton's instigation. Stanton had completely lost his head on account of a raid of Stonewall Jackson's on
Harper's.

Harper's Ferry. So by this most disastrous mistake and error of judgment, due to the desire to protect the capital, McClellan was weakened and furnished with a real grievance: McDowell's corps was rendered useless, and Jackson was permitted to reinforce the Confederate army against McClellan. The Northern general fell back, hotly pressed by General Lee. His troops fought with courage and spirit; they bore the retreat—or, as it was called by euphemism, the change of base—well. With their backs to the water, they beat off Lee in a battle which might well have been decisive had McClellan been equal to his opportunities. He lost his head, however, cried like a baby to Lincoln that he was beaten, and, turning upon Stanton and the President, savagely complained: 'You have done your best to sacrifice this army.' His army was recalled, and he was virtually deposed from his command.

In all this period Congress had been busy mischief-making. There the most furious and intemperate attacks upon McClellan had been made, and these were all the worse because they were dictated by a narrow feeling of party spite on the part of the Radical Republicans. They hated McClellan worse than Antichrist, and they hated Lincoln for supporting him. The Congressional Committee on the conduct of the War particularly distinguished itself by its meddlesome activity. Infringing Lincoln's powers, and interfering with matters which its amateur critics could not understand, it strove to butt him forward, and augmented the general impatience. 'Beware of being assailed by one party and praised by the other,' Lincoln once said. Judged by this standard, as he was impartially abused by Republicans and McClellanites, he was doing right.

Another officer was tried in command, and General Pope was sent forward in Virginia. The only result was another defeat at Bull Run, which was due in part to the remissness of General Halleck, the General-in-Chief, in part to McClellan's bitter jealousy of his supplanter. Then McClellan was reinstated in command. The Confederates, flushed with success, advanced north and entered Maryland, and McClellan followed them on the inside track. The two great armies joined battle at the Antietam, and McClellan with the superior force won an indecisive engagement; he beat off Lee, but failed utterly to pursue and crush him. The rage of the North against him came to a head. The elections in Pennsylvania reflected the passionate indignation of the people, who had seen their borders ravaged with impunity. The President's supporters were heard to say that they 'would be glad to hear that Lincoln had been found hanging some morning from a lamp-post at the door of
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the White House.' All his efforts to urge McClellan to action were useless; the General dallied, delayed, and asked for horses. His political insight told Lincoln that he must choose between McClellan and the loss of his majority in the North, which would have meant the victory of the peace party. He chose, and sent McClellan back to civil life. Burnside succeeded to the command of the Army of the Potomac, to lead it to only more hopeless defeat and slaughter.

These were times of dismay for the supporters of the Union; and yet in the West the star of success was already rising in the person of General Grant. The son of an obscure tanner, he had fought with credit in the Mexican War, and then fallen into intemperate, shiftless ways. He had tried many businesses, and failed more or less in all, when the acute crisis of the war came to reveal his great and unsuspected qualities, and to cover his name with everlasting honour. He was a man of innate simplicity and of extraordinary coolness and determination. He made his magnificent Vicksburg campaign with a tooth-brush as his sole baggage. He ate, slept, and fared like his humblest privates. In the sharpest hail of bullets he was never seen to move a muscle of his face; he sat calm, imperturbable, unflinching on horseback. When he heard of President Lincoln's assassination—the man he had loved and honoured—he only said, 'Then I must take the first train to Bordertown.' He was never afraid of the enemy, because he felt always that the enemy was afraid of him. He depreciated the forces opposed to him instead of magnifying them; he never knew when he was beaten, and his stubborn tenacity was proof to all discouragement. He never let a beaten foe escape from his clutches; his pursuit of Lee after Petersburg is perhaps the most relentless in history. He had not high genius, but he had strong character, which may after all be the same. He never whimpered for reinforcements or reviled the Government; he endured obloquy and the chidings of incapable superiors with quiet resignation. He had a quick eye for capacity in his subordinates, and he it was that brought Sherman, McPherson, and Sheridan to the front. Thomas, however, surely one of the best and most indomitable of Northern soldiers, he never fully liked. He was not popular with his soldiers till after the war, when they realized the coherent persistency of his strategy. He never spared his troops, but then he never spared himself. His plan was 'to hammer continuously against the armed forces of the enemy, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but submission.'

At Belmont Grant taught his defeated soldiers to cut a way
through

through the enemy; at Donelson he arrived in that psychological moment when the balance is trembling between victory and defeat, and the men on each side are considering whether they or their opponents shall run first. He cheered his broken troops and flung them once more on the enemy, with the result that he scored the first great victory for the North and captured a rebel army. His success brought him few laurels; indeed, his incapable superior, Halleck, managed to filch much of the credit. Lincoln, however, had noted that here at last was a man 'who fights.' Some weeks later Grant was sent forward down the Tennessee to Pittsburg landing, where he disembarked an army of less than 40,000 men. General Buell, with another force, was coming overland to his aid. On Grant's part there was some lack of military precaution against a surprise, which may have been due to the rawness of his troops, for these, instead of entrenching, were busy learning how to use their rifles. Before Buell had effected his junction a Confederate army struck Grant's scattered forces, and a fierce and sanguinary battle raged around Shiloh Church. It was a severe trial of the manhood of his men, but they stood it well. He was recalled from a distance by the battle roar, and arrived at the Northern rear to find a horde of panic-stricken stragglers. Forcing his way through these, he restored confidence as the bloody day declined, with the words, firm amidst disaster, 'We shall attack them to-morrow with fresh troops, and drive them, of course.' Sherman on this day particularly distinguished himself by his brilliant valour and determination. That night the reinforcements arrived, and the next day Grant 'drove the enemy, of course.'

It was the greatest battle yet fought in the war, and might, had Grant been allowed by Halleck to follow it up, have freed the Mississippi in 1862, and shortened by a year the life of the Confederacy. But he was not helped at this moment. The newspaper correspondents asserted that he had been surprised and all but defeated; they drew a sad picture of his incompetence from their safe look-out point in the rear; and they horrified the North with gory pictures of the terrible slaughter. Sherman was flatly impeached for cowardice. The 'Evansville Journal' professed to have interviewed his negro servant. He was asked whether he ran. "'Yes,'" replied the darkey, "I did run, but I couldn't keep up with the General, though I was mounted on a mighty fast horse.'" With such malignant nonsense was one of the North's most heroic officers assailed—a man who was risking his life hourly to protect and defend these stay-at-home scribblers. Upon their shoulders must rest
much

much of the blood shed in the desperate Vicksburg and Chattanooga campaigns which their lies made necessary. A storm of criticism broke over the heads of Grant and Sherman. Congress clamoured for Grant's removal. Senators and representatives in private entreated Lincoln to depose the victorious general. Busybodies went to him with slanderous tales that Grant drank heavily. The President asked anxiously, 'What brand of whiskey? for,' said he, 'if I knew what brand he drinks, I would send a barrel or so to some of my other generals.' He has the credit of recognising the great soldier's capacity and of standing by him manfully.

In nothing was Lincoln's tact and statesmanship so severely tried as in the management of the problem of Slavery. He had to hold the balance between the pro-Slavery Border States, which were supporting his Government, on the one hand, and between the abolition wing of the Republican party, which was strong in its devotion to ideals, on the other. He had clearly seized the fact at the outbreak of the war, that the North would not fight its kith and kin to destroy Slavery. And thus with remarkable adroitness he had shifted the *casus belli* from Slavery to the maintenance of the Union. But as the war went on 'the institution' obtruded itself more and more on his consideration. The Radical Republicans clamoured for drastic measures against it, and political generals took to meddling with it. The Abolitionists, forgetting that Lincoln was a man who could wait to attain his aims with the immense patience of Nature or of God, did not see with Lincoln's clear sight that 'the institution' could not withstand the prolonged shock and abrasion of war. They did not understand with him that 'the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether,' and that, as by the judgment of the Lord the war went on and on, Slavery grew ever weaker. To General Butler had come the happy inspiration of seizing the negroes of Secessionists as contraband, because they were used by the Confederate generals to construct earthworks and drive army waggons. This was one simple solution, but the 'contrabands' quickly accumulated in an alarming manner. Then Congress got to work; it passed the Confiscation Acts, which treated the slaves of rebels as captives of war and for ever free, and forbade Slavery in the territories of the United States.

During 1862 Lincoln vainly urged upon the Border States a system of compensated emancipation, coupled with the colonization of the liberated Negroes in South America,—a measure which, if it shows some lack of practical knowledge, yet displays a statesmanlike intuition of the dangers of the Negro problem.

problem. He pressed upon them the expediency of exchanging bondsmen for bonds, but all to no purpose. Such overtures made the Abolitionists angrier than ever. Senator Wade told him that he was leading the country to hell; adding, 'You are not a mile off at this minute.' Lincoln turned the tables on him with, 'Senator, that's just about the distance from here to the Capitol [where the Senate sat], is it not?' But, in spite of his humour, he felt these unjust reproaches bitterly. His heart, says Colonel Lamon, one of his dearest friends, was almost breaking under the strain of cruel abuse and military disaster. His face grew greyer, the lines and furrows deepened perceptibly. He stood, apparently, alone in that cold and critical world, at entering which he had felt such premonitory depression. Even now whilst they were abusing him, he had drafted the Emancipation Proclamation, promising liberty to all the slaves in the rebel States if the Secessionists did not within one hundred days lay down their arms. It was, as he said sadly, his last shriek, his last card. A delegation of ministers from Chicago, whilst the ink upon it was scarcely dry, came arrogantly professing to him that they brought a behest from God, commanding him 'to open the doors of bondage.' 'If it is as you say, a message from your Divine Master,' he replied with bitter irony, 'is it not odd that the only channel He could send it by was that roundabout route by the awfully wicked city of Chicago?' Mr. Greeley, by an attack which in folly and mischievousness—as it was printed in the powerful 'New York Tribune'—went beyond these comparatively mild carpings, drew from him a singularly dignified letter, in which he pointed out that his paramount object was to 'save the Union, not to destroy Slavery.' This may appear to us at first sight the sacrifice of right to expediency; but when we see into Lincoln's mind as we now see, we discover that it was rather obtaining right through the only practical road. The Union was freedom when the matter was thought out.

Emancipation was postponed till a great victory had been won. Knowing what extreme danger the measure would bring upon the cause he had so fervently at heart, Lincoln, in his own words, '*Prayed to God that this cup might pass from him.*' But he had to drink of it; and, when Lee fell back from Maryland, he sent his great message to the slave after him. It had its due effect, when it all but ruined the Republican party at the autumn elections of 1862. It only began to influence the war as Negro troops were raised and disciplined for service against their quondam masters. In the dark hours when pro-Slavery
champions

champions were sweeping the North or diminishing Republican majorities, Lincoln's Border State policy was most triumphantly vindicated. In these States men felt that he had been their true friend; and if they loathed the Abolitionists, they could respect and admire him. They saved the day for his party.

The year 1862 closed in the deepest gloom for the North. Burnside, eager 'to do something,' flung the heroic Army of the Potomac upon Lee's entrenched veterans at Fredericksburg. 'It was a butchery, not a battle,' said one who saw the fight. The Northern troops displayed the most glorious courage: they went straight at the Confederate earthworks, and died in swathes outside them. They fell back after appalling slaughter, singing and cheering. Almost contemporaneously with Fredericksburg came a desperate and doubtful battle fought by Rosencrans at Murfreesboro'. The Union loss was again appallingly heavy, but at least these men's lives were not thrown away. 'God bless you,' Lincoln telegraphed to Rosencrans, thankful for even a drawn battle in this posture of the Northern fortunes.

If these defeats or drawn battles were depressing, President Lincoln's administration had already achieved much solid progress. The ports of the South were in Northern hands, or closely blockaded by Northern squadrons, and the slow and silent pressure of sea-power was beginning to operate. Great armies on land were in the field, and, though the great generals were not yet in their deserved positions, they were there, known and tried. In spite of defeat and discouragement the North had gone steadily forward, and the Southern frontier had receded. The President had shown his statesmanship and worth, and was quietly trusted by the great majority of his fellow-citizens. His sympathy with and knowledge of 'the plain people,' as he called them, was standing him in good stead. He had made mistakes, indeed, but this is only to say that he was human. Popular institutions, if they had hampered him in his war administration, had yet survived through a severe struggle, without causing irreparable disaster. And these closing days of 1862 and opening days of 1863 were the crisis of the war. This was the darkness which precedes the dawn. Lincoln himself was destined to lead his people to the promised land, but he was never to enter it. At the moment when final success vindicated his firm persistence the martyr's death awaited him. But here in the tide of sorrow and defeat, with this glimpse of the happier future, we must leave him and his people, knowing that his high statesmanship and their devotion were not to be in vain.



